

fully, but it is well worth the effort. Delicious. Just as we were at the end of luncheon, Joe Pascoe called and wanted to talk about the Post Office and the announcement in the TRIBUNE that a new post office would be built. We talked about that for about 1/2 hour and about the CHS and its projects. It was nice chat. Joe felt like talking. After that I went down to the Salvation Army store on the Scranton/Carbondale highway and looked around. Nothing. I then drove down to Scranton and looked around the flea market next to the State Hospital. Nothing. I then went to Paperback Booksmith and did not see any Carbondale Calendars 1983. I think they have been moved off the shelf and into the back room. The store is so overloaded with calendars that the Manager has decided, I think, to sort them out. I was distressed when I left Paperback Booksmith. I went home. I called Paperback Booksmith and talked with the manager and asked him how sales were going and if he needed additional calendars. He told me that he would put the Carbondale Calendars prominently on display. He is a very sympathetic soul and I like him. I got ready to go to City Hall and work on 301 and HLRP was going into town and she dropped me off at RTP's and RTP and William and I drove into town and went up to City Hall. RTP was terrific about the whole matter. He got involved in removing mouldings and old telephone wires and measuring for the sheetrock and such. We worked for about 2 hours--Bob Tomaine arrived about 20 minutes after we did and stayed to the end. RTP will lead a work session this Friday (26th) and Saturday (27th) in the evenings--that may just do it for getting the sheet rock on the walls and that is wonderful. The CHS will hold an exhibition in 301 in late January or early February and the room will be done. The exhibition will be a photography exhibition that will travel throughout the northeastern portion of Pennsylvania. It is sponsored by the METRO, with which Bob Tomaine is intimately involved. JVB called HLRP and said that he would be late in arriving; he arrived at City Hall about 7:30, just as we were leaving. He had been cutting wood all day and he was tired and I could see it. We drove him home and then RTP drove me home and I ate and watched television and then went to bed. On Sunday morning I got up and organized my papers and luggage so that I could leave for New York on two seconds notice late in the day. I then took the initial steps for a promotional mailing of the Griswold issue of NP which I will mail out on 11-26-1982--I put the published copies of the issue into 136 envelopes that I found in the attic. Spare ribs for lunch. Delicious. I arrived at 20 Spencer Street at about 1:15 P.M. JVB and his grandmother were all set. We headed to the Buberniak farm which is located on dirt road that goes between Elkdale and Lake Idlewild. JVB got very emotional about the land and the farm where he spent so many pleasant hours with his grandfather. That was good. Mrs. B. reminisced about her husband and I encouraged her to do so. She met her husband in the Adlon or Avalon Ballroom in Scranton (it used to be on Adams Avenue, I think she said) and she was from Scranton. We rode over hill and dale in the area of Elkdale. I noticed that the Elkdale Church windows are not boarded up and that is good because it protects the building. We drove by Fiddle Lake and through Clinton Township and over to the Reeds. A very gracious visit. Kurt told me all about his latest Carl Prosch research and gave me a list of research projects to do for him in New York--he doesn't

realize how much time it will take to accomplish them. Kurt announced that he was preparing a history of the Honesdale Decorating Company as a supplement to a book on Dorflinger glass that a Mr. LaTournos is writing. Kurt asked me if Sheffield Publications would be interested in publishing his book. He said that he would ask his questions of me and that perhaps I would put him in touch with Mr. Sheffield. At first I thought he was kidding around, but then I realized that he did not know that Mr. Sheffield and I are the same person and when I told him he got flustered and embarrassed and out of sorts. His grandparents were also very amused by the unmasking. I told Kurt that I would help him publish his book when it was all set to go. Mrs. Hartford Reed asked me if we (JVB and his grandmother and I) could stay for spaghetti. I said yes we could and Mrs. Reed was pleased. She loves to be hostess. Mrs. Buberniak and Kurt's mother know each other and so Ronna called Mae and she came over and Mrs. Buberniak and May sat in the kitchen and chatted and gossipped. I don't think that Ronna is too fond of Mrs. B., for she later came into the dining room and got involved in the dining room conversations with JVB and Kurt and I. The spaghetti supper was very pleasant and after it was over, Mrs. B. and JVB and I took our leave. Ronna asked about Miss Gardner and asked why she hadn't been over with us and I reported, jokingly, that since Miss Gardner has taken up skiing that she is hard to get ahold of. We all laughed. JVB and Mrs. B. and I chatted like old friends on the way over the mountain. The three of us were drawn closer together by having visited and taken our leave from the Reeds; this is true in that the three of us "reminisced" about an experience that we three had just had. It is a strange phenomenon, but it always happens when EAG and DWP and I leave the Reeds or any other house--it is related to the fact that when you are in the car on your way from somewhere you can then say things that you couldn't say when you were where you just left. I guess that's it--you can be candid in a way that you could not be when you were with your host. You can't say to the Reeds--"The Reeds are such nice people. I love to visit them"--but you can say that to whoever is in the car with you when you leave the Reeds. I sent a thank-you note to Mr. and Mrs. Hartford Reed on 11-22-1982--a thank you for their hospitality. Mrs. Reed, I have the feeling, likes very much to receive thank-you notes, and so I always make sure that she gets one after one of our visits there. I dropped off Mrs. B. at 20 Spencer and she gave me a kiss good-bye, and thanked me for a wonderful day. She spoke of the day as if she and I had had a date. JVB walked her to the door and then I drove JVB home and that was that. I got the 9:35 bus to NYC.

11-12-1982: JVB called me at 5 P.M. to say that Robert Rodgers had called Tom Brennan and wanted to know if he should do a check up on the clock on the 16th and I said yes. JVB and Brennan wanted my permission to do so. Yes, I said, by all means. The City has promised to pay for all such calls. We'll see if they do. If they don't, we, of course, will.

11-19-1982: Oliver Shifler called and Kay was on the line. They wanted to apologize for their hasty departure from the meeting on 11-18-1982. No problem said I. They told me that the stationery with the blue/grey City Hall on it came to them from Rebecca Colville. They also wanted to report that we should make the Mayors' Portraits one of our priorities. Oliver also suggested that we take a building on Main Street for the